



Emotions Through Art



👁 4 ✓ 0 ★ 1

Chapter 1 by Sweetybeedy

Ok, this story is really based on how I feel. I write about emotions. I draw out feelings. I hide them away, locked up in my mind, like a prison cell, sentenced for lifetime. This was inspired by the "To This Day" poem by Shane Koyczan, a great man who told a great story, that inspired many, including me. Feel free to add on about your feeling or any crap, this writing is all about venting, or spilling out your emotions so they won't be bottled up in the back of your godforsaken mind, where they don't belong.

Ok, here we go. So yeah, my name is Megan Mitchell, I'm in middle school. Not much there. I have a messed up family. A mom that wants to run away, a dad that's a workaholic and as hard as a rock when it comes to emotions, two brothers that seriously have no worries and wouldn't give a crap about me or life anyway. Yeah, I love them. They love me too, I guess. But they have problems.

Hey, I'm not going to act like I'm perfect, either. In fact, I'm far from it. I'm a liar, I've lied more to people than I should have. A poser, a fake, a phony. Even saying that, typing that, just admitting it, makes me feel better. I have lots of problems. I have high rates of anxiety. I have a slight lisp and I can't speak right. I have low esteem. I have A.D.D, I get distracted way too easily.

Thing is, nobody knows. Why? Like I said before, I'm a liar. I stitch on that smile every morning, so everyone can't see all the frowns and crying that goes on in my mind. They just see me, a happy Megan. I dare not cry at school, only when I'm alone, perhaps at home. But, you ask, why do I hide that all?

Because no one wants to listen to all the crap that goes on to my life. I don't blame them. If someone wanted to vent with me for three hours, I would be forced to suffer through it. But

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

blood would seriously make me too squeamish. Not anymore. I love life way too much to throw it all away. There's people I care for, I love. They love me, they care for me, always by my side. But what about me? I mean, what do I think about myself? When I wake up and look in the mirror every morning look at myself, what do I think?

I hate myself. I wish I could beat myself up. For the way I look, how I'm so ugly, how my voice sounds, what I say, what I am! I am a fake! I'm that girl that has no home, nowhere to go, a true outcast from society, one who tries to fit in with her good friends, like Brooke, but seems like a ghost to them! The girl who tries hanging out with her junky, bad mannered friends, who call each other the most cruelest things, and cheat each other like crap.

(that's all for now....)

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

 You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

Continue the story

☐ Flag as mature ☐ receive feedback

Submit draft

Write a comment...

 See more of Story Wars 

Login

or

Create new account